Boult. To night, to night, but Miſtreſſe, doe you know the French Knight that cowres i'th hams?

Baud. Who *Mounſier Verollus*?

Boult. I, he offered to cut a caper at the proclimation, but he made a grone at it, and ſwore he would ſee her to morrow.

Baud. Well, well, as for him he brought his diſeaſe hither, here he doth but repaire it, I know he will comẽ in our ſhadow, to ſcatter his crownes in the Sunne.

Boult. Well, if we had of every Nation a traveller, we ſhould lodge them with this ſigne.

Baud. Pray you come hither a while, you have Fortunes comming upon you, marke me, you muſt ſeeme to doe that fearefully, which you commit willingly, depiſe profite, where you have moſt gaine, to weepe that you live as you doe, makes pitty in your lovers ſeldome, but that pitty begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a meere profite.

Mar. I underſtand you not.

Boult. O take her home Miſtreſſe, take her home, theſe bluſhes of hers muſt be quencht with ſomẽ preſent practiſe.

Mari. Thou ſaiſt true yfaith, ſo they muſt, for your Bride goes to that with ſhame, which is her way to goe with warrant.

Boult. Faith ſome do, and ſome do not, but Miſtreſſe, if I have bargaind for the joynt.

Baud. Thou maiſt cut a morſell off the ſpit.

Boult. I may ſo.

Baud. Who ſhould deny it?
Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. I by my faith, they ſhall not be changed yet.

Baud. Boult, ſpend thou that in the Towne, report what a ſojourner we have, you'l loſe nothing by cuſtome. When Nature framed this peece, ſhe meant thee a good turne, therefore ſay what a paragon ſhee is, and thou haſt the harveſt out of thine owne report.

Boult. I warrant you Miſtreſſe, thunder ſhall not ſo awake the beds of Eeles, as my giving out her beauty, ſtirs up the lewdly enclined, Ile bring home ſome to night.

Baud.

Baud. Comẽ your wayes, follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives ſharpe, or waters deepe,
Vntide I ſtill my virgin knot will keepe.
Diana aide my purpoſe.

Baud. What have wee to doe with *Diana*? pray you goe with us. *Exit.*

Enter Cleon and Dionizia.

Dion. Why arẽ you fooliſh, can it be undonẽ?

Cleon. O *Dionizia*, ſuch a peece of ſlaughter,
The Sunne and Moone nere lookt upon.

Dion. I thinke you'l turne a childe againe.

Cleon. Where I chiefe Lord of all this ſpacious world, Ide give it to undo the deed. Oh Lady, much leſſe in bloud than vertue, yet a Princeſſe to equall any ſingle Crowne of the earth, in the juſtice of compare. O villaine, *Leonine* whom thou haſt poiſoned too, if thou hadſt drunke to him, it had beene a kindneſſe becomming well thy face, what canſt thou ſay, when Noble *Pericles* ſhall demande his childe?

Dion. That ſhe is dead. Nurſes are not the fates to foſter it, nor ever to preſerve, ſhe dide at night, Ile ſay ſo, who can croſſe it, unleſſe you play the Innocent: and for an honeſt attribute, cry out ſhee dide by foule play.

Cleon. O go too, well, well, of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods doe like this worſt.

Dionizia. Be one of thoſe that thinkes the pretty wrens of *Tharſus* will flie hence, and open this to *Pericles*, I do ſhame to thinke of what a Noble ſtraine you are, and of how coward a ſpirit.

Cleon. To ſuch proceeding, who ever, but his approbation added, though not his whole conſent, he did not flow from honourable courſes.

Dionizia. Be it ſo then, yet none doth know but you how ſhe came dead, nor none can know *Leonine* being gone. Shee